

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,  
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courier.*



CONVALESCENT.

## A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT is well here to say a few words about Patrick, over whom Mr. Kingston watched, as well as Miss Everett and myself. By Christmas he had struggled back to life—that is, he was out of danger, but so weak that a trifle might bring on a relapse. Changed he certainly was, and so meek, self-distrusting, and withal so grateful for a prolonged life, that it some-

times tried one's own sensibilities to hear him talk of his illness and recovery. Poetic touches of his Irish nature came out mingled with deep and serious meaning.

"The dark night is gone, and the morning is dawning," he would say, with a sickly smile; "but I can't go to work without fear, for the shadows are there still. When will they go away, and let the clear light of day shine upon me?"

Mr. Kingston continued to see him occasionally.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

As Colonel Demareay took no notice of these visits, our worthy rector came and went as he liked, satisfied to wish him a civil good morning whenever they met, but more frequently contriving to keep out of his sight. And through his judicious instructions Patrick groped his way to a better knowledge, and began to experience a portion of the peace that flows from it. Instead of reproaches and denunciations, Mr. Kingston talked gently and persuasively, deepening the tone of his teaching as Patrick's awakened perceptions became stronger. Patrick, however, stood his ground by bringing forward every objection he could remember, not from perversity, but from sincerity, yielding it only inch by inch, as Mr. Kingston beat him easily from one point to another.

"You must try to believe, Patrick," he said. "God does not force a man's conscience; he teaches those who desire to learn. Act as if what I tell you were true; pray to be taught to distinguish truth from error, and never rest satisfied till you have an answer. You must do in religion what the learned do in science, accept some statements before attempting to prove them, and look well to yourself. A Grecian philosopher of world-wide repute always urged personal reform as a preliminary to gaining wisdom, which, paraphrased for the Christian, means that he must be willing to suffer as well as do the will of God, if he desires to understand true doctrine. There is joy in believing, never any in doubting."

Little by little Mr. Kingston succeeded in permeating Patrick's mind with elementary truths and dislodging some quaint ideas that, had they not shown such deplorable ignorance, would almost have made one laugh.

As Patrick got better he was always asking questions about his master, to whom he had not spoken since his illness commenced. The day came when Patrick was ready to resume his service. I pitied the poor fellow after he went to his first interview by answering the colonel's bell one morning, instead of the substitute who had waited on him while Patrick was ill. What passed he never told, but he had a sorrowful, care-lined face all that day, and I heard that the old man was seen to wipe his eyes as he hurried to his room when the self-imposed work was done—self-imposed because it was known in the household that the new servant kept his place, and the only duty permitted Patrick was to wait humbly about his master's chambers, like a faithful dog, silent and expectant, thankful to be allowed to devote himself in any way, and without a word of kindness to repay him.

Why was Colonel Demareay so hard with his old servant? Had he ventured to impart some portion of his sorrowful experience, and attack with the feeble weapon of his new-born faith the strongholds of his master's incredulity? As Patrick was silent on the subject, there was no means of judging. One thing was patent—he was out of favour and out of heart, too, though he still on all possible occasions hovered about the colonel with a devotion that was pathetic to witness. He seemed to be getting ill again.

"You would do better to rest more; you are far from well," I said to him one day when the colonel had left the room, as I heard the poor fellow heave a heavy sigh after a repulse from some service which his trembling hands could not perform with the adroitness of former times.

"It is not rest I want, but ease; something here is too tight," he answered, pressing his fingers

against his heart. "God be praised! I am getting a little of the best rest, but I don't want it all for myself."

The kindest thing I could do for Patrick was to take him into my especial service, and to give him as much to do as was possible, but nothing could still the yearning of his heart after his master, or turn into indifference on his part the attachment of more than forty years. They had grown old together, and had not that fact a pathos of its own?

"I would serve him in heaven if he would let me," he once said, in a voice husky with feeling; "I don't care for the equality they talk of."

Poor Patrick! his devotion kept him simple.

Lorndale, with its gay floor of anemones and wild flowers, was very beautiful in the spring, which came to us rather early that year, bringing on its sweet breezes a certain elasticity of spirit which youth easily converts into joy. I was growing so sensible and well-schooled as to contemplate my life with equanimity, and began planning little pleasures for myself, one of which was to visit my uncle and aunt at Rosewood. I had not yet the courage to bring the rough, hearty, outspoken seaman into contact with the silky-mannered colonel. Before any steps were taken to make known my wishes, the carrying them into action was rendered impossible, or at least deferred indefinitely. Colonel Demareay was attacked by a severe illness, which kept me almost a prisoner in his sick room. He hardly ever suffered me to leave him, and, by a similar caprice, would rarely permit Patrick to approach him. Did he know that his life was in danger? I think so, for there was more than bodily pain in the contracted brow and glazed eye, that one could not help watching with sorrow and compassion. He was usually silent; and it was best so, for when he did open his lips it was only to utter querulous complainings. His former suavity of manner giving place to irritability, he was fractious as a child, making the services he required so unnecessarily difficult, that, but for the pity inspired by his ashen face and thin bloodless lips, his peevishness would have driven me away.

To Patrick's great grief, he would continually dismiss him and send for Joseph, who had virtually replaced him; and then the old man, unable to bear the separation and the suspense, would take his station outside the door, and creep back into the colonel's room as soon as he was asleep or so deeply plunged into one of his frequent reveries as not to observe him.

"I have served him for forty years, and can't believe that any one will know his ways better," he said sometimes, by way of excuse for his pertinacity.

Even when all danger was past, and the invalid only needed ordinary care, Patrick, at some risk to himself, would throw a mattress down on the floor of the dressing-room adjoining, and sleep there in order to be within call if wanted. But the colonel's illness, though sharp, was not long, and by the time the buds unfolded, and the spring sounds and signs indicated that the fresh, verdant life of another season had begun, he was pronounced convalescent.

About a week afterwards I had the mortification of receiving from him a morocco case, containing a set of handsome emeralds, with one of the old speeches in courtly phraseology, and very soon afterwards had an opportunity of showing how undeserving I was of either one or the other. Nothing was said

specially to me, but before long a succession of reports went through the house, first, that the colonel ought to have a change, and that the elastic air of the Continent might be tried with benefit; next, that he was going to the old chateau in Normandy; and, last of all, that I was to accompany him. "With you and the children I am quite willing," answered I, as Victor gave me this third item of news.

The old Normandy chateau I had long wished to see from curiosity, but there were other reasons which made me willing to leave Lorndale. With my husband to myself, away from the Rogers family and from the associations that must needs cling to them, there was some chance of our becoming more to each other than we were ever likely to be as circumstances now were. Great was my annoyance at his reply.

"Far from wanting my company, my uncle particularly wishes me to stay behind, and take this opportunity of carrying out his views with regard to some reparations and changes that are to be made here."

"But you will join us?" I said, clinging to the hope of a better understanding growing out of a short life together at the chateau.

"Probably not; my uncle would rather I stayed at home."

"Then I will not go," said I, kindling into a blaze of wrath, vexed beyond measure to find my place always beside the colonel, between whom and myself there was ever a deep yawning gulf. "I will not go with him," I repeated passionately. "I will not have my life for ever burdened with an old man who is nothing to me." The ungenerous words were repented of as soon as they had escaped my lips, without the reproach legible in the crimson flush that rose to my husband's cheek, and before the rustling sound of a silk dress apprised me that I had been overheard. Grover came forward to ask some question about Hubert of his father. She never applied to me on any occasion. As far as her power went, all authority on my part was absolutely ignored. Notwithstanding the look of stolid indifference that was on her face, she must have heard my unfortunate rejoinder: what use would she make of it? I was much to blame in suffering myself to be so ruffled, yet it was no trifle to me to find Victor so willing to resign my society. His uncle wished for my company, and like a well-drilled child I was expected to give it him without remonstrance.

In puerile resentment I obliged Adams to dress me that evening in the least becoming manner, selecting what the colonel did not like. I would not please him. However, it was quite unnecessary to take pains to be unattractive; feelings of a more serious nature left my toilet and appearance unobserved.

Grover must have repeated my ill-advised speech to the colonel, or made him acquainted with the spirit of it, for at dinner that day, though courteous as ever to me, he snubbed Victor until I was ashamed for him. The fashion adopted in former years, to touch the conscience of a royal prince when he had done wrong, was to punish his playmate instead of himself. Some analogous idea was carried out now. In solemn dignity I was seated at the head of the table, my wishes consulted and my opinions listened to with much external respect, but poor Victor, whose only offence was having a wife who now and then asserted herself in a way not agreeable to his uncle, was contradicted and repressed at every turn. Scarcely a word was addressed to

him that had not some sting concealed in it, nor was I much better off. Though spared any decided outward demonstration of displeasure, it was easy to detect its presence in the lofty politeness, exaggerated urbanity, and also in the harsh tones which somehow slipped into the colonel's most polished phrases. Sorry as I was for Victor, and chafing at his uncle's injustice, I was not a whit more willing to sacrifice myself. "It is too bad; I am not Colonel Demarcay's wife, that I should give up my life to him. His comfort and convenience shall not always be put before my own," I said, indulging in a passionate burst of tears as soon as I found myself alone. Even after recovering my temper, my heart remained sore. For many weeks no impatient word had passed my lips. I had studied Victor's wishes to the utmost of my power; I had smiled upon Bertha, making her and her mother welcome to Lorndale as carefully as the first Mrs. Demarcay could have done; I had tended the colonel cheerfully, almost tenderly, winning thanks from both uncle and nephew. All this had been done, and now to be sent away, to be bidden go, nurse, toil, and play the agreeable where I felt no affection, no sympathy, and no tenderness either to offer or receive, was more than I could bear.

The following day echoes of certain preparations for departure were about me, and the atmosphere of the house became colder and colder. Victor, grave, silent, ill at ease, and consequently making others so, spent the greater part of the day at the cottage, while the colonel *madamed* me with elaborate politeness. I had offended both, and yet felt myself the most aggrieved of all—for ever called upon to make sacrifices which took from life all its perfume and enjoyment.

"I will not go," I continued to repeat to myself. "If Victor does not care for my presence in his home, I will go to Rosewood." Yet, with the angry words on my lips, my resolution faltered a little. By exciting Colonel Demarcay's displeasure I might injure my husband, and perhaps sweep away the fine prospects his marriage with me was intended to secure. Yes, I read that in the peculiar smile with which the colonel one evening informed us that he had written to his man of business, requesting him to be at Lorndale on the morrow. In the grey depths of his basilisk eyes, as he made the announcement, was a light that told a tale of hidden fire, a secret triumph which was but too intelligible even before he added, "I wish to annul some previous instructions." Had any doubt existed before, I should speedily have known myself to be the real culprit by the wavering glances directed towards me from time to time. Could I have suffered alone, it would not have much mattered; my spirit would not have bent before him, but it was quite another thing that the innocent should pay the penalty of my fault. Vain was it to hope that this injustice should touch a man of the colonel's calibre. His vanity having been wounded, he was as one who strikes with both hands, not caring particularly about reaching the actual offender.

By an irony of fate, Grover, who only wished to injure me, had done her master the greatest ill-service it was possible to do. My great desire was now to avert the threatened evil, but little time was allowed me for consideration, the lawyer being expected the morning after we were told of his coming. Unless it were possible to soothe Colonel Demarcay into a gentler mood, Victor, I feared, would



lose all the benefit expected from his marriage. What if circumstances so shaped themselves that the wife chosen to secure certain advantages should, without connivance on her part, be the means of his losing them? Retributions as striking and as bitter thrust themselves sometimes into every-day life. What was to be done? This question taxed my ingenuity to the utmost. The noble property, Victor's conditional inheritance, might—nay, I was sure was about to be willed to another—perhaps to Demarcay Evans; he could take the family name—perhaps to a yet more distant relative of whom I had occasionally heard. Could anything be done to prevent it?

Hitherto my standing in the colonel's estimation was high enough; my services useful enough to make him overlook any offence I committed, even the great one of having opposed his strongest prejudices, but that and a hundred similar misdeeds were outweighed now. My unguarded words had struck at his pride, the most vulnerable point of hearts that are not essentially noble. From his haughty temper, a free forgiveness was not to be expected; there remained, then, for me to consider what amount of personal humiliation, and what efforts on my part, would bring him to take more just views with reference to Victor. I could express regret for my hasty language, and show a willingness to accompany him; my words were as unbecoming as unkind; he was weak and ailing and getting old, all which established a claim upon my better feelings. I had never travelled, and could truly say that I wished to see Normandy, locomotion being good for the mind as well as the body. Would it not broaden the life that threatened to narrow itself into a very few interests, and those of a milk-and-watery kind? Why should I not go? I continued to argue with myself; the colonel wanted me, and Victor did not. To be shut up with the latter at Lorndale under existing circumstances, or to be more frequently alone, as he often spent two or three days in town or elsewhere on business for his uncle or for his own amusement, would be dull enough. I made no way with Hubert, and Nora was inconstant; and, besides that, the proximity of grandmamma and Aunt Bertha, added to Grover's influence, weakened mine. What had I to give up? How foolish to have hesitated; how foolish and how futile to think of that which every one else seemed to forget—my own happiness! Alas! where was I to look for it with the stamp and colouring that would have made it real? The wide world, or any untravelled portion of it, offered me as much, if not more interest than the roof legally called my home. It will be seen that little credit was due to me for the resolution to make peace with the colonel at any cost. So little enjoyment, either actual or future, lay before that potent presence called "self," that the only wonder was that it had just now taken the trouble to raise its voice so loudly. Since no change likely to happen at Lorndale could much affect me, why should I not take a little more of the bitter, if, by so doing, Victor could have the sweet? He might never know it, but I did, and the thought was pleasant. The additional self-abnegation was trifling, and to him the result might be important. I made up my mind to surrender at discretion.

The earliest minute the colonel was usually visible after breakfast I sent to inquire if he would see me. After half-an-hour's waiting the answer came—"Colonel Demarcay's time was at Mrs. Demarcay's disposal." With something of the trepidation of a

child going to punishment, I went forthwith to his study, without giving myself time to prepare my speech—indeed, hardly knowing what I wished to say, except that my strongest desire was to save my husband from the effects of my thoughtless refusal to accompany his uncle.

The colonel sat in a handsome dressing-gown before a writing-table strewn with letters and papers, partaking more of the legal than of the literary character. "You honour me with an early visit," he said, bowing low, as, half rising, he extended towards me three digits of his left hand, the right still holding the pen which, however, he laid down on resuming his seat, and, crossing the rich robe over his knees, he rested his elbows on the arms of his chair, and lightly tapped the points of his white fingers together.

In some form or other words rise to the lips when excuses are to be made to those we love. A glance showing that feeling is bubbling below the cold surface, a turn of the head, a curve of the mouth, breaks through both pride and displeasure, and the poor aching heart leaps into some ill-jointed phraseology, too true, perhaps, to be either grammatical or euphonious, but making its way over all obstacles. Indulgence is given, and peace is quickly restored, the party offended desiring to forgive as much as the offender to be forgiven. But the aspect of the present was altogether different. In vain I looked for some encouragement to speak. For the first time Colonel Demarcay's politeness failed. His white hands and nails engaged his attention so completely that he did not even glance at me. Silently and patiently he waited for what I had to say; while I, after vainly looking about to gather inspiration from something or other, ended by fixing my eyes upon the clock, which seemed to be seized with a galloping motion, so fast sped the seconds I knew to be so valuable. As he had evidently nothing to say to me, I must perforce approach abruptly the subject which had brought me there. "It is but plunging into a cold bath, and then struggling out of it," I thought, and finally took the leap. "You would like me to accompany you into Normandy, would you not?" I asked. He was in the habit of praising my voice and calling it sympathetic. I tried to make it particularly persuasive, but it sounded strangely discordant. Alas! it could hardly be otherwise; the notes were forced.

"Thank you," he answered, coldly, "I have made other arrangements."

"But you would like me to go?" I insisted. "You prefer me about you to any one else. You are most accustomed to me, and I to you. You like me to talk to you, read to you; you will miss all that very much, indeed you will," I went on, conscious of a dangerous glitter in his eye, but too one-sided in my earnestness to perceive that my reasoning was more offensive than soothing. "Ever since my marriage I have been your amanuensis, or reader, or transcriber."

"And therefore you are very naturally tired of the occupation," he interrupted, with a dignified bend of the head; "we will change all that, there will be no difficulty."

"I should like to go with you," I pleaded, after consulting a second or two with myself to ascertain how much could be truthfully said. His manner boding no good for Victor, whom he would not separate in his mind from me, I felt that every effort must be made to appease him.

"Thank you," he repeated, "but I could not suffer your young life to be always burdened with an old man, who is not likely to become more interesting as he advances in years. May I trouble you to put this letter in the box as you pass through the hall, or, if Victor is riding out this morning, perhaps he will take it, to the early post."

With these words, meant for a dismissal, he handed me a letter extracted from the mass of papers lying about, and took up his pen, the ghost of a smile flitting over his face, which looked in my eyes positively wicked. He had condescended to resent a young woman's hasty words, and chuckled over her supposed discomfiture, while I mentally pronounced him weak and undignified. So differently do we judge each other and ourselves in this world of ours, that the same vocabulary will not serve for both parties. With the letter in my hand, I yet lingered.

"Shall I read to you this morning?" I asked, taking up one of the newspapers.

"No, thank you. I am expecting my lawyer, and have something to do in order to prepare for him. He dines and sleeps here; will you have the kindness to give the necessary orders to Dixon?"

Leaning forward and turning away his head, with one hand he began playing with the pile of papers before him. I had no alternative but to retire, and went straight from Colonel Demareay into Victor's room, where I found him writing. Here, as in the study just quitted, my company was not wanted. Instead of the smile, which, if not warm, was always sweet in its greeting whenever I entered, my husband only raised his eyes for a second, and then dropped them over his letter. Too much in earnest to be easily rebuffed, I advanced close to the table, and waited. Victor did not leave me long unnoticed.

## BEANIA :

### THE INITIATION OF FRESHMEN AT UPSALA.

AT this moment preparations are making for the celebration, in September next, of the fourth centenary of the University of Upsala, of which and its celebrities some account was recently given in the "Leisure Hour" (p. 232). It is not, however, to the glories of the university that we wish here to direct attention, but to a curious custom in vogue in the days of Linnæus.

Almost all universities but the Scottish demand some initiatory test, other than a pecuniary one, for scholars proposing to enter on university studies. The Greek sage, it is well known, forbade all who were ignorant of geometry to enter his lecture-room. From Gregory of Nazianzen we learn that in his day certain mysterious and rather vexatious processes had to be gone through by those who proposed to study at Athens. This was in the fourth century of our era, and a couple of centuries later we are informed that the annoyances of the novitiate to those who came to study at Constantinople and Berytus were so bitter that the Emperor Justinian solemnly forbade them by an edict. Everybody knows that in these days total ignorance is excluded from the Continental universities by the demand for evidence from the youth who seek for admission that they have thoroughly mastered their school studies; while in the English universities entrants are sub-

jected by the various colleges to an examination which, with its varying standard, university reformers wish to see abolished, and replaced by an examination of uniform standard, conducted by the universities. In Upsala, in former times, a similar test was not wholly dispensed with; it was preceded, however, by another, which tested the qualities, other than intellectual, of intending students. This antecedent test is very fully described by a professor of the university, who quotes from an eye-witness of the ceremony, and it is of this test that we propose here to give a short account.

It was called Beania—a word supposed to come from the French *Bec jaune*—*yellow-bill, fledgling*; and a Beanus, or freshman, is defined as "Animal nesciens vitam studiosorum." Into this "life of the studios" the fresh entrant was supposed to stand in need of initiation, and the mysterious ceremony was conducted by those who were already students, and in this way. The president of the ceremony ordered the youth who were to be admitted as students to don robes of various materials and of different colours. Their faces were blackened, and on their hats, the rims of which were turned down, were fastened long ears and horns; in each side of the mouth were placed long swine's teeth, like a couple of tobacco-pipes, which they were obliged to hold on pain of being beaten with a stick; and over their shoulders was hung a long black mantle. Thus hideously and ludicrously dressed, in a garb not unlike that in which the victims of the Inquisition were led to the funeral pile, the president drove them before him with a stick, like a herd of oxen or asses, from the private robing-room to another room where the spectators were in waiting. After forming them into a circle, in the midst of which he took up his position, he proceeded to make a variety of faces before them, to do them mock reverence, and to deride them upon their strange appearance; and after this he delivered them a short address, in which he passed from burlesque to earnest, descanting on the vices and follies of youth, and showing the necessity of study in order to its elevation and improvement. He then asked them a series of questions which they were obliged to answer. The swine's teeth, however, which they held in their mouths, prevented them from answering intelligibly—compelled them, indeed, to give a grunt—on which the president came down upon their shoulders with a stick and administered them a reproof. "These teeth," said he, "denote excess, for youth corrupt their reason by excess in eating and drinking." He then drew from a bag a wooden instrument in the shape of a pair of tongs. This he put round the necks of the candidates, and squeezed them and shook them till they were forced to drop the teeth from their mouth. "Just as you have dropped these teeth," said he, "so by diligent application to study you will drop all inclination to gluttony and excess." The removal of the long ears, which then took place, was intended to teach them that they must study diligently if they did not mean to remain like asses all their lives. A similar lesson was conveyed by the removal of the horns, which indicated general rawness and brutality. After this a plane was taken from the bag. The freshmen were in succession laid upon their belly, their back, and their sides; in each of these positions they were thoroughly planed, and then reminded that literature and the arts would do for their minds what the president had just done for their bodies. A large pitcher was then

filled with water, which the president dashed over the freshmen's heads; and after this they were rubbed down, not over delicately, we are informed, with a coarse cloth. The company thus planed, smoothed, washed, and dried, were reminded that they must now begin a new life, resist all evil inclinations, and abjure bad company, which would as inevitably destroy their souls as the different parts of the garb, of which they had just been divested, would have disfigured their bodies. The long black mantle had to be worn for six months, during which period the freshmen had to perform for more advanced students work somewhat akin to "fagging" in our public schools. Other instruments than those just mentioned were sometimes employed, such as the hatchet, to hew a man out of the rough block; a pair of scissors, a comb, a file, to indicate purity of body and soul; an auger, to denote diligence in piercing the secrets of nature; and, finally, the measuring-rod was applied to test the freshman's approximation to perfection. It was not till this process was completed—till the *Beania* was completely rubbed off a man—that he could be presented to the Dean of the Arts Faculty, who then proceeded to test him upon his school accomplishments and to advise him upon his studies and manner of life. He was then formally consecrated to the student's life by the dean putting salt in his mouth and pouring wine upon his head. The salt was the "symbol of wisdom," and reminded the youth of the words, "Let your speech be seasoned with salt." The wine pointed to the cleansing from the impurity of *Beania*, and was meant to indicate that the student must henceforth abjure all coarseness and vulgarity, and follow a pure life.

Such is the description of this curious custom as given by the Upsala professor. The custom, however, seems not to have been peculiar to Upsala, for we find it mentioned in connection with the German universities; and traces of its existence are found in the Scottish University of St. Andrew's, where a freshman is called a Bejan to this day.

This novitiate, too, it must be remembered, was no mere frolic or whim of the students, like the exuberant saturnalia of Commemoration Day at Oxford, or of the rectorial elections and installations of the Scottish universities. It was solemnly recognised in the statutes of most of the Continental universities whose foundation dates from before the commencement of last century. Thus, in the statutes of the University of Erfurth—the university at which Luther studied—we read, "No one shall be enrolled as a student who has not either here or elsewhere gone through the old traditional rite of *Beania*;" and in those of the University of Prague—the oldest of the German universities—it is stated that no one is to be admitted to the bachelor's degree who has not been subjected to this matriculatory process. In the statutes of another we find *Beania* strongly recommended as an excellent

discipline for taking the conceit out of boys fresh from school—for teaching them how very little they know, and how much they have to learn.

In the days of Luther and Melancthon, and indeed for a couple of centuries later, the practice was in full exercise. Melancthon regarded it as indeed a vexatious discipline, but a vexation from which, in his opinion, good might be extracted. "It served as a warning to youth that in the course of their lives they should meet with much unfairness and annoyance, which they should accept with patience, if they did not wish, by manifesting impatience, to incur more." Luther, too, was himself put through this novitiate, and he acted more than once as president of the ceremony at the initiation of others. On one of those occasions he addressed the novices as follows: "This *Beania* is but mere child's-play. When you grow up and serve the people in church, or school, or State, your parishioners, your scholars, your fellow-citizens, will subject you to a true novitiate. Still, we are the better for this discipline, that children from youth up may accustom themselves to endure something. The man who cannot suffer and obey is useless for a ruler in church or State." On another occasion, we read in the "Table Talk," he put three youths through the ordeal with the following advice: "This ceremony should also teach you to be humble-minded, not proud and haughty, nor bent on evil courses. Such vices are like horned monsters. They are out of place in a student, and ill become him. Therefore learn to be humble and to suffer with patience, since you will be undergoing *Beania* all your life long. When a misfortune happens to you, be not down-hearted and impatient: think of this, that at Wittenberg you were consecrated to suffering, and be able to say, when it comes, 'Fortunate was I to have begun at Wittenberg the ordeal which I have to expect through life.' Thus, *Beania* is only a picture and image of real life in all its misfortune, sorrow, and discipline. Dash the wine upon your heads and be done for ever with *Beania*."

It was not till more than a century after Luther that grumblings at this academical freemasonry began to be heard. It was, however, only gradually laid aside; and even when a university had agreed to dispense with it, it is always referred to as a venerable relic of a *prudent* antiquity which is parted with in regret. It held its place at the university of Luther and Melancthon (Wittenberg) till the year 1733, when the sixteen groschen, which fell in former times to the president of the ceremony, passed over to the Arts Faculty of the university. The account above given is that of an eye-witness of a performance of the ceremony at the University of Upsala in 1716; and as Linnaeus entered that university only a very few years after that date, it is highly probable that he was obliged to undergo with his fellow-entrants the curious ordeal of *Beania*.

J. H.

#### THE LATE SIR WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN.

IN his "Lives of the Engineers," and "Industrial Biographies," Mr. Smiles has done honour to the great heroes of modern industry—men whose bloodless triumphs in mechanical skill and constructive ingenuity have enriched the world, and added to the convenience and comfort of man. Among these

benefactors of society the subject of our notice takes a high rank. Mr. Smiles's sketch of the great mechanical engineer has been recently supplemented by "The Life of Sir William Fairbairn, partly written by himself, and completed by William Pole, F.R.S." (Longmans & Co.) We avail ourselves



of this publication to lay before our readers the main points of a singularly enterprising and successful professional career; all the more that this success was owing not less to natural scientific aptitude than to high qualities of personal character.

William Fairbairn, who derived his descent from the humble but respectable class known in Scotland as small lairds, or portioners, was born at Kelso on the 19th of February, 1789. His father, Andrew Fairbairn, was brought up as a practical agriculturist, and became an expert ploughman, and skilled in the systems of draining, rotation of crops, and other operations of the farm.

Andrew's father lived at Smailholme Tower, near to the Scotts of Sandy Knowe, and for whom he acted occasionally in the capacity of gardener. Sir Walter Scott when a child, and suffering from paralysis of the right leg, was sent from Edinburgh to his grandfather's house at Sandy Knowe, and Andrew Fairbairn, a few years older, used often to carry the lame boy about on his back. Though the Fairbairns were not in the same social position as the Scotts, there was, notwithstanding, a considerable intimacy between the families.

After Andrew Fairbairn's marriage, he settled in Kelso, and lived in a house at the foot of the Woodmarket, and which was also occupied by Mrs. Curle, an aunt of the great novelist. "I remember," says William Fairbairn in his autobiography, speaking of the time of his boyhood, "Mr. Walter Scott, who was then an advocate at Edinburgh, spending some months of two summers at Kelso. I believe he was then collecting materials (or, as his aunt used to say, 'foolishly spending his time among the auld wives of the country') for his 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.' It was at this time I frequently saw Mr. Scott, who used to hear me read to his aunt, and rewarded me, when I read distinctly, with some little mark of his attention. From the intimacy of those days I cannot recall any indication of those great powers of imagery which afterwards became the delight of every reader in Europe."

In the autumn of 1799 the Fairbairns removed from Kelso to Ross-shire, where Andrew Fairbairn assumed the charge of a farm of 300 acres, situate on the Conon, five miles from Dingwall, and which was to be the joint property of himself and his brother, Mr. Peter Fairbairn, secretary to Lord Seaforth, of Castle Braham. It was here that William Fairbairn, then a boy of some eleven years, early gave indications of his turn for mechanics, first in making a waggon, in which he wheeled about his younger brother Peter, afterwards Sir Peter Fairbairn, of Leeds, and also in constructing wind and water-mills. Andrew Fairbairn's venture in the north was not successful. In two years he had become disgusted with the people and the country, and accepted an offer made to him by Sir William Ingleby to remove to Yorkshire and take the management of his farm at Ingleby Manor, near Knaresborough. Embarking at Cromarty, the Fairbairn family landed at Leith, amid the celebrations of the birthday of George III, June 4th, 1803, and afterwards made their way to Kelso. Andrew, having gone on to Yorkshire, his son William started on foot for Galashiels, where his uncle was parish schoolmaster, with the view of improving his arithmetic, and getting some knowledge of book-keeping and land-surveying. Not satisfied with his post in Yorkshire, Andrew Fairbairn afterwards became steward of a farm at Percy Main Col-

liery, near North Shields, belonging to the coal owners. This put him in comparative comfort, and he retained the appointment for upwards of seven years.

The settlement of the father in this locality was a turning-point in the son's history. William joined his father, and after some nondescript employment at the colliery, and not a little rough treatment, he was, at the age of fifteen, bound apprentice, at the instance of the owners of the colliery, to a Mr. John Robinson, of Percy Main, in the county of Northumberland, millwright. Dissatisfied with the persons he had to associate with in the shop, and impressed with his own want of knowledge, young Fairbairn resolutely set himself to a course of private study and improvement. It was during the time of his apprenticeship that he made the acquaintance of George Stephenson. Stephenson had then charge of an engine at Willington Ballast Hill, only a mile or two from Percy Main Colliery. The two young men, who were nearly of the same age, and both earnest in their love for mechanics, formed a friendship which lasted through life. Mr. Smiles has recorded that in the summer evenings Fairbairn was accustomed to go over and see his friend, and would frequently attend to the Ballast Hill engine for a few hours in order to enable George Stephenson to have a two or three hours' turn at heaving ballast out of the collier vessels, by which he earned a small addition to his regular wages. Mr. Fairbairn, in after-life, often alluded, with pride and satisfaction, to his early intimacy and close friendship with the great founder of the railway system.

After finishing his apprenticeship, the young journeyman millwright found employment for a time in the north of England. At Morpeth he met with Dorothy Mar, who, five years afterwards, became his wife. Proceeding to London, he had promise of employment from Mr. Rennie, then engaged in building Waterloo Bridge. The Millwrights' Society, however, intervened, and it was not till after some hardships and adventures that work was at length obtained in London. Fairbairn thus refers to his two years' residence in the metropolis. "During the greater portion of the time I had constant employment, and an income which varied from two to three pounds a week. I lived moderately, renewed my readings and studies, and subscribed to a library in Ratcliff Highway, where I had a moderately good choice of books."

He saved some money, but it was swept away in meeting the expenses attending the construction of a digging-machine, an unsuccessful venture, in which a speculative friend had induced him to embark. The loss was, however, made good by an order for a machine for chopping meat for sausages from a pork-butcher in Tottenham Court Road. This was the first order he had on his own account, and the sausage-machine was always remembered with pleasure. Work failing in London, further adventures were in store for the young mechanic. After visiting various towns in England, he at length found himself in Dublin—his funds reduced by the cost of the passage to three-halfpence. Employment fortunately was found, and from Dublin Fairbairn went to Manchester, where he was destined to settle, and to develop the profession of millwright into that of mechanical engineer. His correspondence with Miss Mar during his travels had been faithfully kept up. At Manchester he worked hard and saved money, making his intended wife his banker. At

length, at Bedlington, in June, 1816, the couple were married. Mr. Fairbairn's marriage may well be noted, for it acted as a powerful stimulus to his exertions, and prompted the resolution to emancipate himself from the routine of daily labour and to become his own master.

Accordingly, in November, 1817, Mr. Fairbairn, in conjunction with Mr. James Lillie, an old shopmate, commenced business at Manchester, a connection which lasted for fifteen years, and which made the firm of Fairbairn and Lillie famous throughout Europe as mechanical engineers. Starting with few means and resources except skill and determination, their first important work was the refitting of the machinery of a cotton mill. Mr. Fairbairn's keen eye soon discerned the defects of the existing machinery. By the introduction of light shafts and small drums, he wrought a revolution in the system of mill-gearing, and soon established the name of his firm as the leading millwrights of the district. The erection of a new mill for McConnel and Kennedy followed, which further extended the reputation of the young engineers. A press of orders now flowed in, involving an amount of work greater than they could well execute.

After six years of persevering and prosperous exertions at Manchester, Mr. Fairbairn was invited to undertake the construction of new water-wheels for the Catrine Cotton Works in Ayrshire. This was an undertaking of great magnitude. The water-wheels were started in June, 1827; they have never, writes the constructor, lost a day since that time, and they remain probably the most perfect hydraulic machines of the kind in Europe.

The erection of a new mill at Zurich was the occasion of Mr. Fairbairn's first visit to the Continent in 1824. He inspected most of the manufactories in Alsace and Vosges, and the result was several extensive orders for water-wheels and mill-gearing on the new principle of construction. The prosperity of the firm in 1830 is indicated by the fact that the stock-book showed a balance of nearly £40,000 in favour of the once moneyless partners, with besides sufficient capital to build a foundry and increase the works in other departments. It was in 1830 that Mr. Fairbairn formally enrolled himself among his professional brethren by joining the Institution of Civil Engineers. Since that time engineering has effected many vast and marvellous works, and the Institution itself has steadfastly advanced in usefulness and importance.

A new line of investigation was opened up to Mr. Fairbairn in the early part of 1830. This was two years before the dissolution of his partnership with Lillie. It was found that a light gig boat on a canal was carried forward by horses with greater ease, at a higher than at a lower speed. The canal companies, desirous of competing with the railway companies then starting into existence, promoted an inquiry as to the properties of iron boats, and the possibility of applying steam-power for traction in canals. Numerous inquiries were conducted by Mr. Fairbairn on this subject, and their results published in a work of ninety-three octavo pages, with five lithographed plates. This was his first professional publication, and for which he received the thanks of the Institution of Civil Engineers, through its president Mr. Telford. Having received a commission from the Forth and Clyde Canal Company, Mr. Fairbairn proceeded to give his notions practical effect, and con-

structed the Lord Dundas, a small iron boat, with engine on the locomotive pattern, of about 10-horse power. Fearful of an entire failure as the day for trial drew near, the engineer passed many sleepless nights, and was harassed with anxiety. The result, as respects the velocity hoped for, was not a success, for the motive-power being on board, the machinery necessarily sunk the boat to a considerable depth in the water, and consequently increased the resistance and spray both before and behind. The Lord Dundas, however, at a low velocity of from five to five and a-half miles an hour, steamed beautifully, and at that rate carried passengers from Port Dundas, Glasgow, to Port Eglinton, Edinburgh, for upwards of two years. While, therefore, all idea of canals successfully competing with railways in passenger traffic was to be given up, Mr. Fairbairn advised the use of steamers as tug-boats and the construction of iron vessels adapted to canal and sea navigation to meet the demands of traffic in parcels and light goods. "These suggestions," he says, "were acted upon, and I had the satisfaction to be the first to open this new system of transport on canals, and at the same time to direct attention more prominently to the construction of iron ships in general."

The main interest attaching to these investigations was that they led directly to the application of wrought-iron to the construction of large vessels, which has wrought a revolution equally in naval armaments as in the carrying trade of the world. In building the Lord Dundas, Mr. Fairbairn was struck with the superior qualities of iron as compared with wood; but labouring under imperfect knowledge, he instituted a series of experiments on the strength of malleable iron of different forms and conditions, in order to effect an improved system of construction, not only as regards the strength, but also the judicious application of the material. The iron steamer Manchester was next built, and her great success in strength, buoyancy, lightness, and high sea-going qualities, induced the building of other iron vessels. These were all constructed in sections at the works at Manchester; taken to pieces and reconstructed at the ports. The inconvenience attending this system of shipbuilding in an inland town led to the establishment of a concern in London. A plot of land was purchased at Millwall, Poplar, and in 1835, with one of his pupils, Mr. Andrew Murray, who was given a small share in the new business, Mr. Fairbairn entered largely into the construction of iron vessels. In the following year orders were received for twelve iron vessels for navigating the Ganges, and four others for different parts of Europe. The direction of two large establishments, with all the occasional mortifications and anxieties attendant upon arduous undertakings, involved a severe strain upon Mr. Fairbairn's mental and physical powers. He was hurried backwards and forwards between Manchester and London for more than five years, yet a natural buoyancy of temperament and great resourcefulness enabled him to bear up and to overcome every difficulty.

The incidents which chiefly mark Mr. Fairbairn's career between 1832 and 1839 were his development of his new industry of iron shipbuilding, the construction of reservoirs on the River Bann, in the county of Down, investigations as to the strength, and other mechanical properties of cast-iron, and the invention and successful application of the riveting-machine, which "has effected a complete revolution in

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boiler-making and riveting, and substituted the rapid and noiseless work of compression for the eternal din of the hammer, besides making the work infinitely superior in quality and strength."

Mr. Fairbairn's engineering fame at length reached Mahmoud, Sultan of Turkey, and he was invited to repair to Constantinople to survey and

great marvels of mechanical skill, the Conway and Britannia Tubular Bridges. Mr. Robert Stephenson, the son of George Stephenson, who had inherited his father's constructive genius, as the engineer of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, had to overcome the formidable obstacles presented by the rapid tidal streams of the Conway and Menai



*From a Photograph by H. J. Whitlock.]*

*I am sincerely  
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W Fairbairn*

report upon the factories and mechanical works of the Turkish Government. This labour he undertook in 1839. His impressions of Turkish officials and engineering are recorded at some length; and as respects his own professional advantages, we are told that the visit led to large orders, which he executed for the Sultan's Government.

We pass over varied undertakings and scientific inquiries which engaged Mr. Fairbairn's attention during the next decade of his life, to give prominent notice to his share in the construction of those

Straits. Bridges of an extraordinary span, but without supports, were required, so as to be free from all hindrance to the free passage of vessels. In addressing himself to the solution of the difficult problem, Mr. Stephenson conceived the original idea of a huge tubular bridge, of egg-shape or circular sectional form, to be constructed of riveted plates and supported by chains, and of such strength and dimensions as to allow of the passage through the tube of locomotive engines and railway trains. It was in reference to this expedient that Mr. Stephenson con-

sulted Mr. Fairbairn early in April, 1845, first as to the practicability of the scheme, and secondly, as to the means necessary for carrying it out. Mr. Fairbairn instituted a series of experiments to determine not only the value of the original conception, but also to discover the best form of tube. These were carried on at his works at Millwall during the years 1845, 1846, and 1847. His first sketch, made in September, 1845, was that of a rectangular tube, and which, it is interesting to observe, closely resembles the tube actually constructed after many laborious and expensive investigations. The merit belongs to Stephenson of having given birth to the idea of a tubular bridge, but he had made no drawings or calculations as to its strength, form, or proportions. Fairbairn, assisted in the necessary mathematical inquiries by Mr. Eaton Hodgkinson, gave to the idea its practical value, and, indeed, actually realised it as an existing fact. He early pronounced against Mr. Stephenson's idea of the use of chains as an auxiliary support, and, ultimately, his view was adopted. The event fully justified Mr. Fairbairn's sagacity and sound judgment, and his perfect faith in the strength, rigidity, and self-supporting power of the rectangular tube. At the close of his practical superintendence of the works, Mr. Fairbairn wrote and published a volume, giving an account of all particulars attending the construction of the bridges. From this volume, free from all professional jealousy, it may be seen that the author's share in these monuments of engineering skill entitle him to rank among the princes of his profession.

It was natural, after such success, that the firm, now known as Fairbairn and Sons, should embark on a career of tubular bridge building. Up to 1870 nearly one thousand bridges had been constructed by them, some of them of large spans, varying from 40 to 300 feet.

An interesting episode in Mr. Fairbairn's life, and which brought him the friendship of Chevalier Bunsen, Baron von Humboldt, and other eminent men on the Continent, arose out of the proposal to erect a large bridge to accommodate the railway traffic across the Rhine at Cologne. The Prussian Government engineer had designed a chain suspension bridge, which had received the sanction of the authorities, and preparations were being made to carry the plan into effect. Owing to the flexibility of the structure, it was designed to split the trains into sections, and drag them by horse power from one side of the river to the other. It is needless to say after the English engineer had been consulted that this plan was abandoned. The designs ultimately furnished by him were, with slight modifications, carried out in the bridge which now spans the noble river. It consists of two pairs of girders, side by side; one pair carrying a double line of railway, and the other the road traffic.

The great success of the tubular bridges, and Mr. Fairbairn's share in their construction, as well as his interesting work on the subject, brought his name more prominently before the world, and called general attention to his distinguished position as a mechanical engineer. Honours accordingly began to flow in upon him. In 1849 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and soon afterwards a still greater distinction was conferred in his admission to the National Institute of France. Another valued honour came in 1853, when he was selected as one of nine persons annually admitted as members of the Athe-

næum Club on account of personal, professional, or literary eminence. In subsequent years numerous societies, both in this country and abroad, conferred upon him the distinction of honorary membership. The offer of knighthood was made, but modestly declined, in 1861. The degree of LL.D. was given by Edinburgh University in 1860, and that of D.C.L. by the University of Cambridge in 1862.

There was, perhaps, no other subject which so much interested Mr. Fairbairn, and to which he gave so much attention during his long professional career, as that of steam boilers. Both as a manufacturer of boilers, and as desirous of preventing the disastrous explosions which so frequently occurred, he was led carefully to study the mechanical principles involved in the building of boilers. By writings and lectures, with the view of diffusing knowledge as to construction and management, by founding an "Association for the Prevention of Steam Boiler Explosions," as well as by improvements in the principles of construction, Mr. Fairbairn earned for himself the reputation of a public benefactor. Indeed, it is impossible to estimate the saving of life and property which has resulted from the application of his practical knowledge, as well as from his exertions in establishing a system of efficient inspection.

Some of the later years of Mr. Fairbairn's life were spent in aiding the Government in an inquiry into the application of iron to defensive purposes in warfare. This inquiry gave birth to the formidable ironclads, which are now the pride of the British Navy. While the Manchester Engineering Works had been highly profitable from the beginning, yielding to all the partners handsome fortunes, the works at Millwall were, on the other hand, attended with serious loss. The competition of iron shipbuilding on the Thames proved severe, and had the effect of unduly lowering prices, while the lack of constant personal oversight also contributed to the pecuniary failure.

"Eight years of my own time and devoted attention," writes the present Sir Thomas Fairbairn, who at any early age had joined his father's business, "were taken up in bringing the disastrous Millwall concern to a close. I was taken away from an intended university career in 1840, and was engaged at Millwall until the final close in 1848, excepting some ten months in 1841-42, which I spent in Italy. The loss sustained at Millwall altogether was over a hundred thousand pounds, the whole of which had to be made good from the profits of the business in Manchester."

The land and premises occupied by Fairbairn and Company at Millwall came ultimately into the hands of Mr. Scott Russell, and it was there that this celebrated engineer constructed the Great Eastern. We may here mention that the firm of Fairbairn and Sons was merged into the Fairbairn Engineering Company in 1864. The company was for a time carried on under the same management, but depression in the iron trade ensuing, it was deemed expedient to entirely wind up the concern.

The industrial career of Sir William Fairbairn exhibits him to the world in various aspects. First, he was by profession an engineering manufacturer. Commencing with millwright work, he began, as we have seen, iron shipbuilding, and about the same time he energetically took up the making of steam-engines and boilers. Again, in 1837 or 1838, he began to construct locomotives; more than six hun-

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dred locomotive engines were built at his shops in Manchester, and to him the railway companies are indebted as the designer of the tank engine now so generally used.

Large orders, as we have seen, were executed by him for tubular bridges, also for cranes, caissons, iron houses, and factories, but it would be difficult to enumerate the various products turned out of the Canal Street Works at Manchester. All structural and mechanical purposes to which wrought-iron could be applied came within the scope of his engineering. As a consulting engineer, Mr. Fairbairn's advice and guidance were sought and obtained in all novel and important undertakings; while, as a scientific investigator and inventor, he takes high rank. Again, as to his merits as an expounder of the principles of mechanical science his published volumes and numerous contributions to various scientific bodies bear ample testimony. Of the former, we may mention "Mills and Mill Work," the treatise on "Iron Shipbuilding," and his valuable and popular work entitled "Useful Information for Engineers." To the fifth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* he contributed the article "Iron," and to Mr. Baines's work, "Lancashire and Cheshire: Past and Present," he furnished the account entitled, "The Rise and Progress of Manufacturers and Commerce, and of Civil and Mechanical Engineering in Lancashire and Cheshire." This contribution forms of itself one quarto volume of 260 pages.

After his published volumes, Mr. Fairbairn's minor contributions to mechanical science deserve the study of engineers. These were made to different societies; not a few to the Manchester and Literary Philosophical Society. He was elected president of this society in 1855, and continued so till 1860. In 1860, the gold medal of the Royal Society was awarded to him for his various experimental inquiries on the properties of the materials employed in mechanical construction. The results of some of these had been contributed to the "Philosophical Transactions," others to the publications of various scientific societies. In 1861, the British Association met at Manchester, and Mr. Fairbairn, as one of the eminent celebrities of the town, was chosen president. Lord Wrottesley, the retiring president, alluded to his successor in the chair as "one of that noble class of men, the Stephenson, the Brunels, the Whitworths, and the Armstrongs, who have conferred such important services on their country." Mr. Fairbairn was one of the jurors sent from England to the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and in the International Exhibition of 1862 he was appointed president of the jury for machines and tools. For the same Exhibition, it may be interesting to mention that his son, the present Sir Thomas Fairbairn, who inherits his father's talents, acted as one of the five Royal Commissioners. When on a visit to Paris, in 1854, Mr. Fairbairn was introduced to the Academy of Sciences, and had an interview with the Emperor Louis Napoleon, who, on taking leave, presented him with a handsome gold snuff-box, set with diamonds.

In a visit to Northern Europe in 1850, Mr. Fairbairn had an interview with the Russian Emperor Nicholas, and he had also the honour to receive a medal from Oscar, King of Sweden. It was in 1869, when he had arrived at the eightieth year of his age, that the crowning honour of his life, a baronetcy, was conferred upon him. In regard to the new name, he says: "I liked the old one, William Fairbairn,

of Manchester, better." And, he adds, "'My Lady' takes to it with more grace and dignity than her husband." And so it came to pass that the young couple, William Fairbairn and Dorothy Mar, married at Bedlington, in June, 1816, with no other resources than the earnings of a journeyman millwright, attained to wealth, and came known and honoured as Sir William and Lady Fairbairn. Earnestness of purpose and integrity, courage and perseverance, as well as practical talents, joined to the higher faculties of design and invention, were required to attain this brilliant result.

Sir William Fairbairn died on the 18th of August, 1874, and his remains were interred in the family vault in Prestwich parish church, Manchester. For more than half a century had Manchester been the field of his arduous labours and great achievements; it was, therefore, befitting that the dust of the great mechanical engineer should there repose. J. H.

#### STRATFORD-UPON-AVON IN 1819.

AT the time of the Tercentenary Commemoration of Shakespeare, in 1862, many interesting historical notices appeared of the state of the town and of the poet's residence at different periods. Between the time of the famous Garrick-Boswell festival of last century and the "restorations" of our own age, one of the most curious glimpses of Stratford, and of Shakespeare's place, occurs in Lady Hawkins's anecdotes and biographical sketches. She describes a visit in 1819. We give her notes just as they stand:—

Shakespeare's house is a little old butcher's shop of the lowest description in the street, and within a few doors of the inn. The house consists of the shop, which is paved as it was when Shakespeare was born, and it was a woolcomber's—the pavement of unshapen, flat stones; a back-kitchen, dark and miserable, with a large chimney, and a chair in the chimney-corner, partly the identical chair of the poet.

Up a very bad staircase, two rooms, the front one that in which Shakespeare was born and died, the back one a poor little closet, with a bed; so that in the disposition of the house, on the ground floor the largest room is in the back, and on the upper floor the largest room is in front; the walls, ceilings, and every part covered with signatures of visitors.

Various articles of Shakespeare's property—his chair in the chimney-corner—the matchlock with which he shot the deer—his Toledo and walking-stick, which seemed of vine, and was elegant in its form—a small bugle-horn—his reading-glass—the bench and table near his bedside, where he wrote—the glass out of which he drank without rising in his bed in his last illness—a cup and basin—his christening-bowl—his child's chair—a superb table-cover, embroidered with gold, given him by Queen Elizabeth—his easy-chair—his bed complete—the images that seemed to have been the posts, and four panels of a triangular form, which appear to have made a half-tester, preserved, though no longer a part of the bedstead—his lantern—his coffer and some money—his pencil-case—his wife's shoe—a bolt taken from the door of the room—a portrait of him, put together from fragments, by Dr. Stort, Bishop of Killala.



There is likewise a portrait of him on the stairs of the White Lion Inn, and in the garden a slip growing from his mulberry-tree.

The articles of property brought by bequest and inheritance to a female descendant originally of the name of Hart, but by marriage Hornby; but the house, with that at the next door, both originally the property of the Shakespeare family, has been sold; and Mrs. Hornby, who is the widow of a butcher, and has two children, is at the mercy of this purchaser, who has raised her rent from £10 to £20, and now, seeing a great resort of visitors, threatens to demand £40 a year.

A book is kept, in which the names of visitors are entered. The Prince Regent, Duke of Wellington, and all the Orleans party who resided at Twickenham, and who, by the woman's account, seem to have entered the most into the interest of the house and its contents, have enrolled themselves there, and on the walls or ceilings. I asked the woman what she made by the donations, but she was too prudent to tell me. She said she had only £6 a-year besides what she made in this way.

This Mrs. Hornby, a very decent, nurse-like woman in her exterior, appears very singular in mind. She writes and prints plays and verses of her own composition. From the newspapers she has made a tragedy of the battle of Waterloo, the queerest thing imaginable. The interlocutors' names are in initials, the P. R., D. Y., and the Marquis of W. She has made our Ministry sitting in council, under the appellation of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Minister. In one act she has made Buonaparte in Paris, and Louis a fugitive; in the next she has made the Parisians merely conjecturing Buonaparte's escape from Elba. But her innocent conceit is the most curious circumstance of her character. She talks of her performances with wondrous approbation; she says she composes whenever she cannot sleep, and that she has written some beautiful verses on the comet; but, not satisfied with them, she has turned them into a play, and made Shakespeare the comet.

#### THE STORY OF A GREEK MERCHANT.

SOME years ago I was visiting a friend in Bebec, one of the lovely suburbs of Constantinople. "By the way," said my friend, "I must tell you the story of this house."

We were standing on the balcony, looking out upon the Bosphorus. The afternoon sun glittered brilliantly on the wavelets of the strong current which flows out of the Black Sea into the Sea of Marmora. Light *caiques* shot down to the city in the middle of the stream, or crept slowly up the edge to take advantage of the back-water; and a small passenger steamer at the jetty of Bebec was in the act of discharging her burden of white-veiled women and dignified-looking Turks and foreigners, who were returning to their homes after the day's business in Constantinople.

Leaving the balcony, we reached the room and seated ourselves on the divan.

"The previous owner of this house," said my friend, "had a strange history. He has told it to me more than once, sitting on this very divan, and I can vouch for its truth.

Johannes, the father of Georgos, the Greek mer-

chant to whom I refer, and from whom I bought this house, was a seller of bread. He had a booth in one of the bazaars of Constantinople.

Opposite the booth of the bread-seller Johannes, was that of his friend Ibrahim, by his name, as you perceive, a Mohammedan. Ibrahim sold tobacco.

"My good, honest Johannes," said Ibrahim one day to his friend on the opposite side of the passage, "I'm tired of this humdrum life. Here am I, from morning to night, cutting and weighing tobacco, and scarce a piastre the richer for my pains. And as for you, who wouldn't cheat the stupidest water-carrier of a para, you won't get rich either."

"And what do you mean to do?" said the bread-seller, in amazement.

"Listen; the new Pasha of Bagdad starts to-morrow. I mean to attach myself to his train, and go with him. And, mark you, I don't come back 'poor Ibrahim.'"

Next morning Johannes felt very lonely as he looked across to the dingy shutters which closed his friend's booth. After a while the booth was reopened. It had been let to some one else.

Time passed on. The bread-seller was as honest and almost as poor as ever, and as no news reached him of his old friend Ibrahim, he began to think that he must be dead.

One day the officers of justice appeared before the bread-seller's booth—for he still occupied the same—and told him that he was ordered to appear instantly before the Grand Vizier. On reaching the august presence, the vizier asked him if he was Johannes, the Greek bread-seller. The poor man answered that he was, and casting himself on his face, besought the vizier to have mercy.

The vizier told him to be calm, for he stood before his old friend Ibrahim, who had not the slightest desire to bowstring him.

"And now," said the vizier, "I appoint you my banker." Johannes reminded his highness that he was only a bread-seller, and knew nothing whatever of banking.

"That is not of the least consequence. You possess sterling honesty, which is the chief matter. The rest you can easily learn. I repeat it, I appoint you my banker. There is a note of my moneys. You are now the first Christian in Constantinople."

Ibrahim the tobacco-seller had gone, as he said, to Bagdad in the train of the pasha. He rose rapidly by his talent and energy, and attained the rank of Pasha of ——. At length on his return to Constantinople he was made Grand Vizier.

Johannes displayed the same integrity as a banker as he had done as a bread-seller, and rose to great wealth and consideration. He had two sons, the elder bearing his father's name, Johannes, and the younger, Georgos. Johannes became a banker like his father. For Georgos, the lucrative position of "Merchant to the Palace" was obtained.

The dying advice of the father was, "Never give or receive a bribe. If you ever do, take your father's word for it, your lives and property will be in constant peril."

The young banker fell into the corrupt ways of the Eastern court, where bribery is a vast system, perverting justice from the highest to the lowest. He soon became wealthy, but, as his father had foreseen, lost royal favour and was beheaded.

Georgos followed his father's advice. His business was to supply the palace and the ladies of the harem

with the costly silks of Persia and the stuffs of the still more distant East. By upright trading he became an enormously rich man.

His house in the city he has often described to me (said my friend), and its interior must have been superb. His other house was this. It was built for a favourite child who was in delicate health, and, although less magnificent than his residence in Constantinople, was splendid beyond all our Western ideas. Its present state gives no conception of what it was when I first saw it, but the rest of the story will explain.

When the Greek revolution broke out, the Greeks in Constantinople were subjected to terrible outrages. A party of janissaries occupied Bebec, and Georgos, who was then in this house, his house in the city having been sacked, was sent for to yonder tower on the shore by the Effendi of the Janissaries.

The Effendi fortunately knew Georgos, and was his friend.

"Keep within your house and I will answer for your personal safety," said the effendi. "I shall send some of my men to your house immediately."

Poor Georgos knew what this meant; but only too thankful to escape with his life, he returned to his wife and family, who had taken a last farewell of him when he was sent for to the tower.

Three times a party of twelve janissaries visited the house. They took as a *baksheesh* to the effendi everything they could carry. They even stripped the divan on which we are now sitting of its rich silken covering, besides taking away many pieces of costly goods which the merchant had in his house.

The Greek merchant is now a comparatively poor man. He was forced to sell this house, and now lives on what remained from the wreck of his fortune in a much smaller house which you see a little higher up the hill."

Life is little changed in the East since the beginning of history. Joseph in Egypt was a slave in prison and almost immediately after prime minister of Pharaoh. The story of Raouf Pasha, governor of Crete in our own day, is a romance of vicissitudes.

"Midhat Pasha has fallen. Edhem is Grand Vizier." So it will go on to the end of the chapter.

## PARADISE LOST.

### THE FIRST EDITION.

THE First Edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost" dates from a time which will be always memorable in the history of London. The poem was ready for the press in 1665, having been completed by the poet in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and in the fifteenth or sixteenth of his total blindness; but its publication was delayed for two years, first by the Great Plague, and then by the Great Fire. This first edition consisted of 1,300 copies; but the various booksellers, to whom portions were sold, each inserted his own title-page in his own copies, and of these different title-pages there are no less than eight, dating from 1667 to 1669, still extant. All are found with comparative frequency, except the first, which is very rare and valuable. There is a copy of this first issue preserved in the British Museum Library, and from that a *Fac-simile* Reprint has been recently produced, with the permission of the trustees, by Mr. Elliot Stock. Everything pertaining to the famous poem must

be of interest, and we welcome, therefore, this reproduction, not only as a typographical curiosity, but as a popular contribution to literary history. Milton must always remain "a bright particular star" in our literature, but he has been overshadowed in this generation by the praise which is given to Shakespeare. This reprint will do good service if only it bring readers back to the old pages, and quicken their sympathy with the great poet and the great Englishman, by enabling them to realise some of the difficulties which he encountered in his immortal work.

The title-page of this First Edition runs as follows:

"Paradise Lost: A Poem written in Ten Books, by John Milton. Licenfed and Entred according to Order. London, Printed, and are to be sold by Peter Parker, under Creed Church neer Aldgate; And by Robert Boulter at the Turks Head in Bijhopsgate-street; and Matthias Walker, under St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street, 1667."

The history of the First Edition is fully told in an Introduction by Dr. David Masson, than whom there is no better authority. It is said there was some hesitation when the manuscript was first submitted for the necessary licence, especially with regard to one passage in the First Book of the poem. This difficulty overcome, a publisher was found in Samuel Symons, or Simmons, whose place of business was "next door to the Golden Lion, in Aldersgate-street," the successor of the Matthew Simmons who, twenty years before, had published the "Eikonoklastes." As is well known, the original agreement may still be seen in the British Museum, by which Milton handed over the licensed manuscript for £5, then paid down, with the stipulation that he was to receive another £5 when the first "impression," or edition, of the book should be sold off; a third £5 when the second "impression" was disposed of, and a fourth similar sum when the third was exhausted, each edition to be counted at 1,300 copies. If we convert the money of that time into its present equivalent, it was as if an author now were to receive £17 10s. for the right to print, with a guarantee of the same sum at the end of the first edition; the same at the end of the second, and the same at the end of the third. As a matter of fact, Milton did not live to receive more than the first two payments, that is, the £10 (worth £35 now). The name of the real publisher does not appear in the original title-page, but the name of the bookseller to whom copies were first consigned. As fresh sheets were bound, there was, as we have explained, a succession of new title-pages. A short time after the first publication copies appeared with only the initials of the author, the full name having been dropped, it is inferred, because unpopular with weak-minded customers. Subsequently the name was restored. The price of the poem at the bookshops was 3s. per copy, or at the rate of 10s. 6d. now.

Six months or more after publication an effort appears to have been made to "push" the sale. Simmons changed his agents, and not only put his own name in the front, but persuaded Milton to supply a prose argument for each of the books. It was then that Milton added his well-known paragraph on "The Verse," in which he vindicated the form he had adopted against the wits of the Restoration, and claimed—an achievement we have been too apt to forget—the special credit of its being "an example

set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to Heroic Poem, from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing." The publisher introduced the additions by a note of four lines in his own name, thus: "*The Printer to the Reader. Courteous Reader:* There was no argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have it, is procured. *S. Simmons.*" The fourteen pages of additional matter, with this note of introduction, had been printed off, and inserted into a good many copies sent out for sale with the fifth title-page, before the bad grammar of Simmons's note attracted Milton's attention; when it did so, he amended Simmons's note for him thus: "*The Printer to the Reader. Courteous Reader:* There was no argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procured it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem Rimes not. *S. Simmons.*"

This First Edition of 1,300 copies was sold out early in 1669, in about eighteen months. Milton's receipt for the second £5, due by the agreement, still exists; it bears date April 26, 1669, and was written by proxy. It was the last payment Milton lived to receive. His widow, in 1680, surrendered all claim to the copyright for £8 more, so that "*Paradise Lost*" was worth to the author and his family exactly £18 in all, a sum equal to about £63 now. The priceless poem fell afterwards into the hands of the famous firm of the Tonsons, who for seventy years had an almost unbroken monopoly in its sale, and made money from it.

Our readers can now judge for themselves of all that pertains to the printing of the First Edition by reference to Mr. Stock's *Fac-simile* Reprint, which reproduces page after page of the original, down to the minutest details of typography, in all particulars of excellence or imperfection, exactly as they appeared. As we have already indicated by the title-page, the poem has here but Ten Books. Not till the second edition did Milton divide it into the Twelve Books with which we are now familiar, by breaking what had been Books vii. and x. in the First Edition, into two books each. Dr. Masson says:—"All in all, the First Edition of '*Paradise Lost*' was a very carefully-printed book. It may rank, I think, as the best-looking book of Milton's printed in his lifetime; superior both in compositor's work and in press work to any of his pamphlets, and certainly superior to any other volume of his in verse form. He must have taken all the pains possible to a blind man to insure correctness, and he must have had scholarly friends to revise the sheets for him, and to read them aloud to him for his approval." The punctuation and the spelling probably were mainly due to the printer, who does not appear in either of these matters to have adhered to the manuscript copy. The curious varieties of spelling are many. Thus we have *flower*, but also *flour*, *floure*, *flour*, *floure*, *flower*; we have *seize*, but also *sieze*, *seisse*, *sease*; and so, Dr. Masson points out, "with almost any test-word you may pursue through the text, our spelling of it is almost always found, often or occasionally, but with one or more alterations, at option. Not that there are not peculiar spellings in the original edition which have a real significance, etymological or phonetic, and which ought, therefore, to be carefully preserved in modern editions. Examples are *highth* for *height*, *stupendious* for our *stupendous*, *soveran* for *sovereign*, *harald* for our *herald*, *voutsafe* for our *vouchsafe*, and a few more.

These are genuine old forms, and, what is more, some of them are express Miltonisms."

The concluding lines of the poem stand thus:—

"Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon;  
The World was all before them, where to choofe  
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:  
They hand in hand with wandring steps and flow,  
Through *Eden* took thir solitary way."

#### AN INGENIOUS DEFENCE.

MR. SERJEANT VAUGHAN (afterwards Mr. Justice Vaughan), while on his way to Chelmsford assizes, met with an intelligent and pleasant fellow-passenger on the coach. What happened on this occasion is narrated by Mr. James Grant in his book on "*The Bench and the Bar.*" Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, was, on such occasions, very fond of what he used to call a little agreeable chat with any talkative person he chanced to meet. He was not long in ascertaining from his companion that he also was going to the Chelmsford assizes, which were to be held on the following day. "As a jurymen, no doubt?" said Mr. Vaughan, on learning the fact itself.

"No, sir, not as a jurymen," said the other.

"Oh, as a witness, I should have said."

"Not as a witness either; I wish it were as pleasant as that."

"Oh, I see how it is, you are the prosecutor in some case which is painful to your feelings. However, such things will happen; there is no help for them."

"You are still wrong in your conjecture, sir; I am going to pay away money for a relative who has a case at the assizes."

"Ah, that's it! Very unpleasant, certainly, to pay money," observed the learned serjeant.

"It is, indeed, for those who have little to spare," observed the other.

"Well, but I hope it's not to any very serious amount?"

"Why, the magnitude of the sum, you know, depends on the resources of the party who have to make the payment."

"Very true; certainly very true," said Mr. Serjeant Vaughan.

"The sum is £500, which, to one with my limited means, is a very large sum indeed."

"Oh, but perhaps you expect to be repaid it in some way or other again?"

"That is very uncertain; it depends entirely on whether my relative, who has just taken a public-house there, succeed in business or not."

"Well, it certainly is a hard case," observed Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, with a serious and emphatic air.

"Ay, you would say so, if you only knew it all."

"Indeed! Are there any peculiar circumstances in the case?"

"There are, indeed," answered the other, with something between a sigh and a groan.

"Is the matter a secret?" inquired Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, his curiosity being now wound up to no ordinary pitch.

"Not in the least," said the other, "I'll tell you the whole affair if you don't think it tiresome," he added.

"I am all anxiety to hear it," said the learned gentleman.



"Well, then," said the other, "about six weeks since, a respectable corn-dealer in London, when on his way to Chelmsford, met, on the coach, with two persons who were perfect strangers to him. The strangers soon entered into conversation with him, and having learned the object of his visit to Chelmsford, said that they also were going there on a precisely similar errand, namely, to make some purchases of corn. After some further conversation together, it was suggested by one of the party that it would be much better for all three if they could come to an understanding together as to what amount of purchases they should make, and under what particular circumstances those purchases should be made—for if they went into the market 'slap dash,' and without any understanding together, the result would be that in so small a place as Chelmsford they would raise the prices; whereas, by operating slowly and in concert, that would be avoided. The second pretended to approve highly of the suggestion, and further proposed, in order to show that neither had the start of each other, that they should all deposit the amount of money in the hands of the respectable landlord of the principal inn; taking care that they did so in the presence of witnesses, and that special instructions should be given to the landlord not to give up a farthing to either until all three returned together to receive the whole; adding that if he did he would be held responsible. The London merchant, knowing the landlord of the inn to be a man of undoubted respectability, at once assented to the proposal, and each of the three accordingly placed in his hands, under the circumstances stated, £250, making £750 in all."

"Well," observed Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, "well, you certainly interest me in your singular story. And what was the result?"

"Why, this—that scarcely had the three left the inn a minute, when one of the two strangers—the one who had been the spokesman with the landlord, and made the arrangement with him—came running back, and said that, on second thoughts, they had all come to the conclusion that it would be better to make their purchases as early in the day as possible, and that consequently the other two had desired him to return and get the money."

"And the landlord gave him the whole sum at once?" interposed Mr. Serjeant Vaughan.

"He did, indeed; unfortunately for himself and me," answered the other.

"And what followed?" inquired the learned gentleman, eagerly.

"Why the other stranger and the London merchant returned in about an hour after, and demanded their money."

"When the landlord, of course, told them he had given it to the other?"

"He did."

"On which, I suppose, they bring an action against the landlord?"

"Precisely so; and seeing that defence were useless, inasmuch as he delivered up the money to one when his instructions were peremptory not to deliver it until all three were present, my friend is to allow the action to go undefended. The money must be paid to the sharper—for both strangers, as the event has proved, were sharpers—and also to the London merchant."

"And you really have made up your mind to pay it?"

"O certainly, because there is no help for it."

"I am a barrister; I am Mr. Serjeant Vaughan; and I will defend the case for the poor landlord gratuitously."

The other tendered him a thousand thanks for his intended kindness, but expressed his apprehensions that all efforts at defence would be perfectly useless.

"We shall see," said the serjeant, significantly, "we shall see—you and your friend the landlord will call on me this evening at eight o'clock, to arrange for the defence to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and the case was duly called in court. The poor innkeeper, acting on the advice of Mr. Vaughan, but not perceiving in what way he could be benefited by it, defended the case. Everything proceeded so favourably for the prosecution for some time, that though every person in court deeply sympathised with the unfortunate landlord, they saw no possibility of any other result than a verdict against him. Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, when the case for the prosecution was closed, rose and said—"Now, gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence adduced. You have seen it proved by unexceptionable witnesses, that the defendant received the most positive instructions from all three not to deliver up the money, or any part of it, to either of the parties except in the presence of all. Gentlemen, my client has got the money in his possession, and is ready to give it when all the three parties come to demand it. Let the absent party be brought to his house, in company with the other two, and every one will have his money returned to him." The defence was equally ingenious and complete. The jury looked quite amazed. The verdict was of course for the defendant. It is unnecessary to add that the man who had absconded with the money never returned, and that consequently the landlord had never to pay a farthing of the amount. It might have been more equitable to share the loss, but a London merchant and corn-dealer deserved to pay something for his experience.

## Varieties.

ARTIST LIFE IN ROME.—In giving a report of the Gibson Gallery, the special correspondent of the "Times" has some pleasant recollections of artist life in Rome in a generation gone by:—"Many are still living in Rome who either knew Gibson intimately or were in the habit of meeting him daily at the Caffè Greco or in his walks to and fro between his studio and that coffee-house of the past—it seems almost the distant past, so rapidly have things changed—where, each evening, all the artist world of Rome was to be seen seated in the clouds—clouds, that is to say, of tobacco smoke. But during the later years of his life it was only in the early mornings and at mid-day that Gibson was to be met there. About 7 a.m. you were sure to see him seated at his seven-sou breakfast—the regulation meal no artist not desirous of incurring the odious charge of snobbishness ever dreamt of exceeding. On a little table with a circular top some fifteen inches in diameter standing before him, was a small tray with a glass tumbler full of coffee and milk, a tumbler of water, and two halfpenny rolls—cups and saucers for *café au lait* were an effort of modern civilisation which had not reached Rome twenty years ago. The coffee and milk were mixed before they were brought (two sous and a half the tumbler), and you ordered, not *café latte*, but '*molto latte*,' '*poco latte*,' or '*ombra di latte*,' according as you desired more or less milk. Gibson, as his seniors had done before him, and as his juniors continued to do, broke his halfpenny rolls, sopped them in his *café latte*, and, having finished in this way his second tumbler, lit his *scelti* at a sou and a half,

and passed a quarter of an hour in talking to those around him. Gibson came to Rome in 1817, and for many years never left Italy. He used to spend his summers at Lariccio or Tivoli, together with Henry Williams, Laurence Macdonald, Richard Wyatt, Dessoulavy, the landscape painter, Joseph Severn, Keats's friend, and others of the artist colony at Rome. Up to a few years ago the walls of the Albergo della Sibilla—where they congregated at Tivoli, and where you could then fare sumptuously for six paoli (three francs) a day, lodging, wine, and everything included—were covered with drawings and sketches made by the artist guests. Among these there were some full-length figures and a lovely group of angels by Gibson, but the Sibyl now claims to be a hotel, and the drawings have disappeared under vulgar wall papers at a shilling a yard. For thirty years, at least, he occupied rooms—and for a long time one room only—in the house of a picture-dealer of the name of Maldura, No. 54, in the Via Vittoria. When his pupil Spence married, he went to live with him at No. 134, in the Via Babuino; but, methodical as Gibson's habits were, he could not comfortably conform to rules made by others, and after a short time he took an apartment for himself—now occupied by the well-known painter, Poingdestre—on the third floor of No. 144, in the Babuino, where he died on the 27th of January, 1866. He always occupied the same studio, that in the Via della Fontanella, leading from the Babuino to the Corso, at the end near the Piazza del Popolo. It was there he rented a single room when he left Canova, and as his works increased he took the others adjoining—four on the line of the street, now Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7, behind which was a pretty garden, with a large room beyond, and leading from it, up a narrow staircase, a small room where he modelled his 'Hebe.' After his death the landlord demanded so exorbitant a rent, on the plea that having been the studio of the *celebre scultore Inglese* any sculptor working in it must perforce become known through the number of persons who would flock to see where Gibson had worked, that no sculptor was able to take it, and finally it had to be let for the purpose it now serves, that of a coachhouse."

**SERGEANTS' INN.**—At a time when the making a new serjeant—or, to use the law phrase, a new call of serjeants—was considered as an important event, part of the ceremony was a procession, which set out, if I mistake not, from the Temple, and, proceeding westward, turned up Surrey Street in the Strand, and, then turning eastward, went up Chancery Lane to Serjeants' Inn, where those already of the rank of serjeants were assembled in their hall to receive the new serjeant; and on his approach, the intimation was given in the following terms: "I spy a brother." Some one, in the spirit of innocent merriment, recollecting that Mr. Serjeant Prime's crest was an owl, placed the figure of an owl at the first-floor window of a house in the Strand, directly fronting Surrey Street. To the figure was affixed a label on which were the words, "I spy a brother," so plain that those who formed the procession could not fail to observe them as they came up Surrey Street. The application of the figure thus placed to the connection of the owl in the armorial bearings of the new serjeant might create a smile, but could not make the person himself ridiculous. At that time the degree of a serjeant was an honour; and, perhaps, we may venture to say, few deserved it better than the learned gentleman whose call is here alluded to.

**AN EASTERN VOYAGE SEVENTY YEARS AGO.**—In these days of rapid communication with India and China, it is interesting to compare the times of a trading voyage nearly seventy years ago. The *Cuffnells*, one of the fine ships of the East India Company, sailed from England on the 19th Feb., 1809, to carry stores for St. Helena, under convoy of the *Nassau*, 64, Captain Campbell. "As St. Helena cannot be reached (by sailing) direct from England, on account of the trade wind, it is necessary to go very far south to get the trade wind to blow ships to the north, and so reach the island, which we did on the 7th of May. Remained a month, landing our stores. When on shore saw Plantation House, the governor's residence, and in another part Longwood, the lieutenant-governor's (as yet unconscious of its future illustrious captive), merely a few stunted trees, all slanting in one direction from the incessant trade wind. Left St. Helena for Bencoolen and China. Anchored off Fort Marlborough (Bencoolen) on the 11th of August. Poole Penang Oct. 1. Passed through the Straits of Malacca Oct. 15. As we were too late to go up the China Sea for fear of typhoons, we went by what is called the eastern passage, sailing among the numerous islands. Off Borneo Nov. 5. Off Banton Nov. 19. N.E. of Bouro and Xulla Bessy Nov. 26. Between New Guinea and Botanta Dec. 3. In the Pacific Ocean Dec. 10. In the China Sea Dec. 31. Canton Jan. 3, 1810.

As the ship was very leaky, and unfit to proceed to England, we were obliged to go to Bombay to get her repaired in the dry docks there. In the Bay of Bengal, off the high mountains of Sumatra, March 30. Sailing up the Malabar coast April 19. Reached Bombay April 30. Left Bombay July 31. Got in time to go up the China Sea, but did not escape a tremendous typhoon. No serious damage, but one ship, which had taken in too much tin at Malacca, and was very deep in the water—26 feet—sunk, and all was lost. The captain had been heard to say that he would not have his ship empty, and his reckless conduct and unhappy boast had this dismal end. Was at Second Bar, homeward bound, Dec. 30, 1810. Reached England Aug. 13, 1811."

**CHINESE OPIUM TRAFFIC.**—The late Mr. Cobden used to say that he had not the smallest doubt that if he were to compute the profits that we have received from our export trade to China for the last forty years, and set against it all that it has cost us in wars occasioned by that trade, and in the naval and military and consular services thought necessary to protect and promote it, that the nation could be shown to be largely a loser by the transaction. But this is to be observed, that the profit goes into the pockets of a small body of China merchants, and the cost comes out of the pockets of the British people. I own I am oppressed with a sense of the accumulating responsibility we are incurring by the course we are pursuing in China. I am not ashamed to say that I am one of those who believe that there is a God who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, and that it is not safe for a community, any more than an individual, recklessly and habitually to affront those great principles of truth, and justice, and humanity on which I believe He governs the world.—*Mr. Richard, M.P.*

**NOT WITH THE HOUNDS.**—A certain bishop was one day rebuking one of his clergy for fox-hunting. "My lord," was the clergyman's answer, "every man must have some relaxation. I assure you I never go to balls." "Oh," said the bishop, "I perceive you allude to my having been to the Duchess of S's party, but I give you my word, I never was in the same room as the dancers!" "My lord," responded the clergyman, "my horse and I are getting old, and we are never in the same field as the hounds."

**"YELLOW RATTLE"—WHY FOUND IN POOR PASTURES.**—It was for a long while observed that the yellow rattle (*Rhinanthus Crista-galli*) was more injurious to certain crops as well as pastures than all other weeds; this supposition, of course, merely resting on the fact of coincidence. It was not known how, till a French botanist, M. Decaisne, discovered that this plant and several others were partially parasitic; that is to say, they attach some of their roots to those of other plants, such as grasses, and then suck their juices, instead of preparing all their own food in the legitimate way for themselves. This weed has been often described in works on botany as a plant peculiarly attached to "barren pastures," but it was not suspected itself of being the cause of the barrenness; thus in Baxter's British Genera of Plants, vol. iv. (259), it is said, "The growth of this plant is remarkably quick, and is supposed in some foreign countries to be very injurious to the crop of rye. With us it abounds only in poor pastures, and some woods."—*Rev. G. Henslow in Lecture at West London Scientific Institute.*

**HOGARTH'S PICTURE OF THE RED SEA.**—I would ask my good-humoured reader if he ever heard of Hogarth's having volunteered to paint, for two guineas, a staircase, for doing which the nobleman who wished it done had been asked a large sum. His lordship had selected the subject himself—it was to be a Scripture story; and the overwhelming of Pharaoh and his host was what he had fixed on, as a grand subject, on a scale suited to the space. The price demanded was the only difficulty, and this was obviated by Hogarth's undertaking. Such a job could not be done with a family of distinction in the house; they therefore went away. The business was accomplished much sooner than they could have hoped. They returned; but great was his lordship's surprise when he beheld his walls only coloured with a very fine red. He summoned the artist, and asked an explanation of the mistake. "It is no mistake," said Hogarth; "your lordship told me to paint Pharaoh's overthrow into the Red Sea. I have done it, for he and his host, as you may imagine, are all safe under the water; therefore pay me my two guineas, and find somebody else to do what you like better." I had this anecdote from the veteran artillery officer, Captain Gostling, a man of the keenest sense for whatever was good-naturedly humorous, and whose veracity could not be called in question.—*Lady Hawkins.*